

For the .....

## WOMEN OF 94.

## FRENCH FASHIONS.

## PARISIAN HATS AND NOVELTIES IN FURS.

Rules That Are Carefully Observed in Designing New Styles and Which Take It For Granted That All Women Are Young and Beautiful.

Paris, Dec. 8, 1894.—"Hats have grown wide to preserve the unities," said craculantly Monsieur Carlier, the well known modiste of the Avenue de l'Opera. "The movement was inevitable to keep pace with the sleeves. Measured by past seasons, today's hats, you may say, are enormous, but set over today's gowns they are perfect and they are moderate. All is by comparison. Do I make it self clear?"



CARRIAGE ROBE.

It was a pretty illustration of how dress, as well as pictures, follow the laws of art. If one part of the composition, as the sleeve top, reaches out beyond the old outline, straightway a new outline must be imagined, and the new imaginary outline must be touched from point to point by other members reaching out, as the skirt edge, the hair, the hat, to form to the eye an agreeable entirety. The dress artist works like a landscape artist. Unity, harmony, soft melody are his laws and beauty is his end.

**Sartorial Harmony.**  
"But I will tell you of something 'moderate,'" pursued the milliner. "It would be to set over these wide sleeves a hat tall and narrow. The result would be a frightful discord. A woman would be turned into a Latin cross. No, the hats of today are not enormous, they are only large," he said and indicated a superb confetti on whose ample crown a bird rested with wings deployed some twenty inches from tip to tip, and another whose knot of ribbons would not be spanned by a two foot rule. The width I tried to understand all that is and is not in an adjective. The extremes at least lie close together, for if the sleeves are a hair's breadth too small the hats worn in Paris today become at once frightful, their size makes them literally stunning.

The bonnet, small as it is, you observe, has this same outward movement over the ears. Maybe it is only an ornamental pin that reaches out, or a plume, the slightest indication is enough, the eye needs only a suggestion of the hat to form to the eye an agreeable entirety. For example, look at this little capote. It is diminutive, a size for a doll, yet this wide bow on the front and the tips over the ears all have the lateral movement. A six-inch brim would not be more suggestive, it is an embodiment of the prevailing idea. The bonnet in question was formed after the peasant's headpiece of Provence, of green metallic paper, a new bonnet material, embroidered over with jet. On the front was a bow of black lace of butterfly form, wired out with a thread of beads in metallic colors, and at the center was a star of flashing jet. A



NEW FRENCH HAT.

porcupine rose over the top, and back the fell at the sides. It was an undisturbed model for theatre wear.

**Dazzling Head Dress.**  
"These lustrous capotes are the key of the season," and Monsieur indicated

another one. It was all in overlapping scales of gold that shaded down to black. Its form seemed to be a diminutive Roman helmet pierced through on each side with arrows stuck in like long Japanese umbrellas, high above the crest towered the tail of a paradise bird toned down to black, and small black tips fell down the back. But these details were lost in the general effect, which was ravishing; it nestled down in the hair like a bird in its nest.

"Come to the medium-sized round hat and you observe the same general character, always there is this lateral movement, this sympathy with the sleeve."

A black felt amazon was the illustration, the sides rolled up against the crown, the vacant space over the ears occupied by a knot of English point lace, verdure green velvet passed round the crown and formed a standing loop on each side, and a bunch of plumes at the back rose high and fell down low upon the hair.

"The richest trimmings are those great birds of rare plumage that have to be sought in the jungles of the earth, but they are costly and small-purses content themselves with doves artificially dyed, or with flocks of smaller birds, numbers being put upon the same hat. As to colors in fashion, all the tints of red-violet come first, they are the rage; next in order are rose, geranium, daisy and reddish brown. Black plumes are used in profusion. They are under the brim and stand out at the sides and fall down at the back. They are the trimming par excellence.

"One indiscreet question, Monsieur. If these bonnets are the key for the coquette, what is the key for the elderly woman?" and Monsieur smiled curiously and said: "It is all one, there are no elderly women. This glimmering capote moulin is worn by women of sixty-five, and it suits them, too."

In Paris all is possible, even eternal youth.

**Par Novelties.**  
The fur season started in, as usual, with a variety of new furs, each of which by rumor would become the vogue, but each of which in fact has disappeared in turn till there is now left for day wear only the old standbys of seal and sable, with astrakhan in the second plan, and for evening the long-haired Persian lamb and ermine. Seal still makes the orthodox jacket; sable remains the most beautiful fur for trimming, and only the white furs mentioned have been found to adequately grace beauty at night.

**Par Figaro.**  
Likewise French women start in the season with an attempt at jackets, but after a few tentatives, the jacket disappears, the furriers making plain that nobody wears them. French women do not like jackets, which have too much a look of utility; this season the skirt of the jacket was very quickly bobbed off short at the waist line, leaving a seal-skin bodice or a figaro, as you please, or vest as the French say. This figaro is close fitted, single or double breasted, with a very perhaps of astrakhan hooked up close to the throat with



NEW BOA AND BONNET.

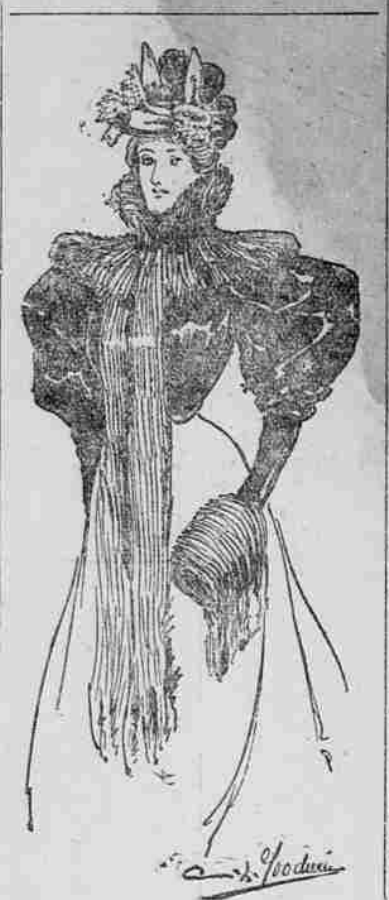
a collarband and decorated with large glass shell buttons. A silk blouse may possibly be worn under it, but not a bodice; it is too close. This garment suits exactly the French idea; it has no long, sedate lines in it; it gives a plump look to the figure; there is something staccato in it; it is, in fine, chic. Also it is a garment perfectly formed for active sports, for skating, bicycling and so on, which recommends it to the dapper women in general. Add to it a velvet skirt, a muff to match and a jet hat, and there is formed one of the most charming costumes of the season, worth half a dozen long jackets in effect of vivacity and style.

**Sumptuous Wraps.**  
For ceremonious dress, long jackets are made, but they are oftentimes of velvet, matching in color a silk, or satin, or cloth skirt with revers and collar fur-faced. These have a dignity befitting dignified occasions, which is another matter, and not the everyday affair of the coquette.

Fur capes are very fashionable and expensive also. They are nearly half-length and very full and have a shawl collar of silver or black fox. Vicinities of sable are one of the greatest necessities, not wide and droopingly sedate, as in our grandmother's day, but abridged and full of frivolous details with ends that reach to the foot. Let balloon sleeves, the victorine gives to the wearer at a distance somewhat the look of a pair of scissors. This scissors effect is the quintessence of style.

**Par Trimmings.**  
Quantities of small animal skins entire are used for trimmings. Apparently the slaughter of beasts to furnish forth the gown rivals that of birds to decorate the hat, but it is explained that these innumerable little animals are manufactured, so far towards creation have the furriers gone. Certain gowns look like the walls of a tropic lodge after the day's hunt; heads and tails follow each other in procession round the skirt, are knotted up into rascals and occupy every point available for an ornament. For a boa, one beast does not suffice, two are fastened together, the tails hanging down the back and heads crossed in front. But these things pass the boundaries of taste and are only mentioned to show the blow of the wind.

Little beasts are fashionable, but to be effective they must be used judiciously, as in the following costume made for the Princess O—sky. It is a gown of violet cloth, deep violet velvet and black. The skirt has the front breadth trimmed round enabler with fur and a band of chenille passementerie, and is buttoned from the belt



PARISIAN STREET TOILET.

down on each side with three iridescent smoked pearl buttons. A triangular plait of the velvet is set in between the front and side gores. The back is of the velvet round and up the sides like the front. High-necked bodice of the velvet and over it a low-necked bodice of the cloth slightly fur-trimmed in front over a velvet belt. The neck rounds up towards the shoulders and is caught with a head of a little beast that forms a strap over the shoulders. A tippet round the neck furnishes a third head and the tuff is ornamented with heads and tails.

ADA CONE.

## HOW LITERARY PARIS ENTERTAINS.

**Four Famous Women at Home.**  
Notwithstanding all popular opinion to the contrary, the French are a very formal nation. Bohemia, in the British sense, does not exist in Paris, for those belonging to that vast, undefined land are content to meet in cafes, restaurants and public halls, and nothing would be further from their thoughts than to become literary entertainers.

Still there are in the gay city some half dozen hostesses who keep up the best French traditions and whose salons are filled each week with a delightful cosmopolitan society, composed largely of writers and artists who meet to discuss intellectual and kindred subjects, and who are content with far less formality than their English brethren. Thus, a dress coat and low dress are unknown in the Parisian world of art and letters, and this, although not a few of their meetings take place in the evening, after the early dinner, in which old-fashioned Parisians delight in.

## Madame Daudet Receives.

Such gatherings are held on most Wednesdays in Madame Alphonse Daudet's pretty drawing room; the great novelist, his wife, young son and little girls live in one of the old world streets of the Quarter Latin; there Madame Daudet, well known to all students of French literature as a remarkably delightful and delicate writer, receives her guests with simple cordiality and good nature, whilst assisting her to do the honors, will generally be found her daughter-in-law, Madame Leon Daudet, the beautiful fair-haired girl for whom Victor Hugo wrote his "Art of Being a Grandfather." The mistress of the house, though she can hold her own in any conversation, seldom alludes to her own literary work. "Were it not for me," her husband will sometimes exclaim, "people would scarce believe the fact that there exist in this house two writers." Madame Daudet's drawing-room is always gay with the sound of young voices, for she was always her two sons' closest com-



MME. SEVERINE.

panion and friend, and all their college comrades are welcome to her receptions.

## A Novelist at Home.

Gyp, the brilliant Comtesse Martel, notwithstanding the fact that she has made her home outside the fortifications, on one of the Neully boulevards, is a center of social life. She, also, receives her friends and acquaintances once a week, and all those who have any claim to being considered worthy of recognition in any branch of work are sure of a warm welcome from Gyp and her children.

A grande dame in the best sense of the word, Madame's great niece, so sure of her position that she can encourage a strong flavor of Bohemianism without fear of comment or remark. Her husband, one of the best known sportsmen in France, delights in his wife's work, and is not the least brilliant talker among those gathered round her each Tuesday.

Madame de Martel's sitting-room is a strange mixture of ancient and modern things; great tapestries which formerly hung in a royal chateau, form a lovely background to the old furniture. The room is filled with delicate carvatures which line the unique salon, whilst the windows look out on a vast garden, the chief attraction of the place. The mistress of the house is able to exercise the beautiful mare on which she rides daily, fine or wet. The Comtesse de Martel, notwithstanding the three tall children to whom she counts with pride, is a youthful looking woman with a slight figure, spiritual face and cheek of soft, fair, curly hair, and a smile that is a favorite friend, who she does all her writing in the early hours of the morning, but as a rule, Madame de Martel is content to receive the great and the good, occupying the full front of her house.

## An Editor Hostess.

Throughout the winter months Madame Juliette Adam, the well known editor of the Nouvelle Revue, is at home to her friends twice or three times a week, both by day and evening, and her receptions are conducted on a far more formal and impressive scale than those of her friends Madame Daudet and the Comtesse de Martel, and both her editorial and political work have brought her into connection with diplomats, naval and military officers, and most of the distinguished foreigners of the day. Russians abound in the days of Stokholm, a frequent visitor, and men of all parties, from the Duc d'Anjou to the latest radical poet, delight to form part of the throng which fills her dainty boulevard and study-bedroom.

## Severine, one of the most conspicuous

and brilliant journalists, personalities receives in more frankly Bohemian fashion; her pretty rooms situated in the very heart of Paris, on the great boulevard, are filled morning, noon and night with a crowd of journalists, discussing the latest news, the bomb of today, the scandal of tomorrow. One cannot help wondering how the famous lady-journalist ever gets through her work, for her door is seldom shut to visitors, hospitably with that large-hearted French hospitality, the most insignificant reporter knows that there he will find a cup of coffee, a slice of home-made bread and a kindly greeting.

Socialist, almost anarchist in theory, Severine, nevertheless, is the beloved of princesses for in her drawing-room hangs the portrait of the Comte de Paris' eldest son, Philip of Orleans, inscribed "To Madame Severine, the kindest and most generous of advocates. A Comte's" in reference to the days when the prince was imprisoned at Clairvaux for having attempted to enter the French army in spite of the fact that he and his family were outlawed. Another significant token hanging in the same room is a little oak tablet in which is encrusted the first bullet shot at the great strike of Carmaux. Severine started a subscription for the strikers' starving wives and families; and after the dispute between the masters and the workers, the former presented her with this strange little memento of their struggle.

Madame Severine's reception rooms consist of three apartments, a large hall dining-room, lit by four gas jets, the study lined with books and filled with huge green baize-covered tables, at which Severine and a number of her friends are generally employed busy scribbling copy. Two great greyhounds and a lovely Angora cat form her retinue, and are generally crouched before the fire, giving little notice to the throng of guests who come in and out. The salon, a dainty little corner, comes after, and is seldom used except in the evenings; here Severine keeps her pen and needle-work and the thousand and one little feminine fancies which are dear to the heart of every woman. It is impossible to dismiss this pleasant corner of Bohemia without saying a word of the hostess, a beautiful, thoughtful looking woman, still on the right side of forty, who, with true French taste, is always elegantly gowned, as should be one whose work brings her in constant contact with mankind.

## J. S. STIELE.

## CLEANING LAMPS.

To the wise virgin whose lamps burn through the long winter evenings I went for advice and inquired of her methods.

"Why do my lamps give a more brilliant light than those in other houses," she repeated. "Possibly because I take better care of them. Lamps are not to be lighted and looked at merely, neither are they to be of less value than their covering. Most people, when they light a lamp, are contenting new shades, making over the one in use. That is not my way, however, and this, and at the same time in seeing that the lamps are rewarded for their genial help of the night before."

"I never wash my oil out of their burners. This should be done at least once a week. I rub mine off first with paper, then place them all in a sauce pan of boiling water and soak them. When they remain for thirty minutes, when they are rinsed off with clear hot water, laid to drain, and afterward carefully rubbed and polished with oil of flannel. I find this the only way to prevent smoking or unevenly greenness."

In my large china lamp where a brass tank holds the oil, I boil out this metal receptacle as well as the burner. I fill the tank itself with warm water, let it come to a boil, and boil on the range. This plan removes every suspicion of dirt as well as odor from the brass. After rinsing off, I dip it in a weak solution of ammonia water, then polish off with emery and skin and silicon.

"This is my systematic weekly washing schedule."

"As to the wicks, I fancy in most lamps they are not changed frequently enough. I put in a new one every week. The lamp is apt to smoke and less this is done. Then never cut your wick. Your eye for a curve may be excellent, but I'll warrant the arc of your flame will never permit of it. Scissors have been called into play. When the wick is inserted, simply burn the end off. The flame will make its own pathway more efficient than you could do, and the after light will have no ragged edges. Every moving nip all the burnt edges off with a sharp cloth."

"A vital point for the maintenance of a strong glow is the daily replenishing of the oil. Never let the wick strain for its sustenance. Without good nourishment wicks, like mortals, will emit a very feeble flame."

"Of course, my chimneys are polished every morning. They are 'soured' into a generous pan of hot water and soap suds and polished off with chamois."

"There is no denying," she concluded, "that lamps require much attention, but they are grateful and respond in such a brilliant manner that one never begrudges the time spent on them."

## NOT GOING TO VIOLATE PRINCIPLE.

From the Chicago Herald.  
"Help! Help!" shrieked the drowning man. "Throw me a rope."

"All right," shouted the man who was waiting on the shore, and he waited until he ran down to the end of the dunes. I'm not going to encourage the use of this free trade imported stuff."

## BODICES AND WRAPS.

## SOME OF THE EXQUISITE FLOWERS LIKE HOUSE WAISTS WORN BY SMART WOMEN.

Sleeves Droop, Shoulders Expand, and Often Five Different Fabrics and as Many Different Colors Appear in a Single Fashionable Body.

As winter festivities continue to unfold themselves, and afternoon tea and other modest home functions become more and more patronized, the fancy waist grows in favor and loveliness.

It is always so much less difficult to successfully accomplish half a costume than a whole. Now that the new hybrid art of growing half a dozen materials and as many colors into the same garment, has come in, the woman of wit and a well-supplied scrap bag, before her possibilities or a combination of economy and splendor never known before.

Velvet, silk, lace, chiffon fur and jet or passementerie are often seen piled together on a single slight body, and yet the result is not the hopeless jumble it would seem.

Far from it, indeed, for judiciously composed, with a proper blending of tone and stuffs, this late freak of fashion is a thing of pure and becoming loveliness.

## A Charming Model.

At a late afternoon tea given in a



DECORATIVE BODICES.

tiny but very elegant uptown apartment, a bodice was seen that many quoted as a faithful exponent of this strange flower millinery. It began with a short round Eton of dim airy liberty velvet—a charming and inexpensive material by the way, worthy consideration. Under this fell



AN OPERA CLOAK.

a loose blouse of Spanish valenciennes lace in a deep rich yellow, hung over the bust and banded at neck and wrists with brown milk tails. Little pointed cuffs and a collar of turquoise velvet turned over the shoulders and a slight belt and peeping out from the wrist was a roll of gold colored satin ribbon. The sleeves were bishop shape, three quarter length and decorated at the outside with the Spanish

valenciennes. This fell in a loose downward cascade caught on its carefully as would be a torn cobweb on a flowering rose bush and the whole was a bewitching fantasia.

## For Afternoon Tea.

Another bodice on the same order had a round yoke formed in rows of at least four different designs in jet. The body itself was of chiffon in misty opal blue with heavy revers of biscuit lace, a neck band of sable and a pointed collar of granitum pink velvet.

However, fortunately for evenly balanced tastes, there are other modes than these harlequin patterns to be chosen from. They do not admit of all same possibilities of using up bits of handsome materials on hand, but to many minds they are more satisfying. Waists of tartan velvet have only the splendor of their plaids, or perhaps, a crush collar and belt of black satin ribbon as ornamentation.

## Fancy Chiffons.

Plain and figured chiffons tumble in tender, drifting billows over busts and arms; and again a sober hued one—say black for example—will be content to shine mainly in a gay lining that will peep through innumerable eyel holes, cut in stiff daisy patterns maybe, all over the chiffon.

These open work chiffons, by the way, seem a favorite novelty, but after all they are not near as effective as those plain or figured.

## Bodice Designs.

The first thing one notices in the fancy bodice of the hour is the fact that there is a growing tendency to create a slight blouse effect at the

left entirely to skilled fingers. Otherwise, though cut in the same prescribed lines of the most modish confections, like Ophelia's rust albs, it is "worn with a difference." Unexpected sagging and flimsy billings will mar it somewhere; and so it is with gratitude that one turns to a certain little silk killed in black and color now being adopted.

These skirts are found in the shops in hemmed and sewn up patterns, and need only a hand and waist shaping to make them over hair cloth petticoats, the perfection of comfort for semi-dress wear.

NINA FITCH.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The shops are filled with Christmas wares and gifts for the Yule tide. Naturally the rush is not as great as it will be later on, for most women love to procrastinate about these things, looking for the last minute, and then, when before buying. Where the purse is slim, this matter is a serious one. It is a very serious question. It is rather a small thing, but it runs over some of the many possibilities that are brought out, two weeks beforehand.

Books, of course, are the latest works in the best bindings, baring, of course, sensational literature, it being an unwritten law of the shops, of giving that volume easily obtainable in paper cover from 75 or 50 cents are not suitable for presents. A book should be selected with more care than a silver

Silver, it seems, remains the favorite metal in which to express good wishes. This is made up into dozens of charming articles. The well known devices for toilet articles are all there, with the addition of a host of new ones. A little affair is constructed on the pattern of a curly comb with repousse handle; it serves to scratch out dust from the hair in the bangles and should be so speedily discarded in a brush. It violates the necessity for dress with delicate discretion that does not tend to strengthen the hold of the metal back to the bangles.

Another novel device is a small case of cut glass as large as a small casket with immense silver stoppers, the whole encased in a round of clear glass. The price is 75, rendering this costly trifle suitable only for the very rich.

But there are a host of smaller and less expensive articles. For men, there are silver mounted corbs, invaluable when traveling for preserving the bouquet of wine. Small silver mounted corbs that remain invisible on the outside of a coat lapel, superb pipes heavily encrusted with flags, or inlaid with silver match cases with admirable copies of famous pictures in bas-relief.

For the domestic girl novelties in the way of spoon rests, of silver or tortoise shell, are in vogue. These are ever-ready in fruit patterns mounted on metal, and accompanied by long silver holders.

Cucumber serverettes are the latest thing in table ware with vegetable carved shells as simple and inexpensive silver shells made to hold porcelain baking dish, these are the prettiest imaginable receptacles in which to serve potatoes au gratin or macaroni and can be bought for 25 or 50 cents.

For the desk one finds articles to meet every need, made of box constrictor skin. Some might feel about owning such an amphibian collection, as did the old farm woman who killed a turtle and set it on a table, and always named and named her. The legend runs that even after he was quartered and melted in the light and slayed her. Still one cannot be prejudiced if one wishes to be fashionable.

Shopping bags are popular, made of dark moiré and flaunting a heavy metal clasp with name and address engraved. The new handkerchiefs are introduced by Caroline Miskel, is new and novel. It is attached to the belt or skirt by two tiny hooks, the bag of silk cords, "Y" shaped and tipped with a little tassel. They are considered smart for dinner or evening gown, never for the street.

A small case in a round, little mounted in silver, is a pretty and reasonable gift just showing in the shops, together with hair pin boxes. These are square and divisional, a compartment for each style of pin.

The bring up the great variety of ornamental combs. All modeled after the Spanish, they are devised in every shade of tortoise and inlaid or flaged with gold, silver or mother of pearl, and vary in price from 50 to 100 cents.

These are the most popular and the usual paraphernalia of men's articles are now being introduced, with a carving knives are treated. It is durable and more masculine.

## H. HALLMARK.

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THE JEWELER  
TO THE FRONT

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**CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, JEWELRY**

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